Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the *Fairie Queene*;
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
While other Ieſts are ſomething ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry; She hath conſented. Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Prieſt* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She (ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the *Doctor*; Now, thus it reſts,
Her Father meanes ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe.
She ſhall go with him; her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the *Doctor*;
For they muſt all be maſk'd, and vizarded)
That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe en-roab'd,
With Ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which meanes ſhe to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me:
And heere it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, ile make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Quintus. Se

Enter Falſtaffe, Qu

Fal. Pre'thee no more prat
third time: I hope good lucke
go, they ſay there is Diuinity
natiuity, chance, or death: awa

Qui. Ile prouide you a cha
get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I ſay, time we
mince. How now Maſter *Broo*
will be knowne to night, or n
about midnight, at Hern
wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her
me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſt
poore-old-man, but I came
like a poore-old woman; tha
band) hath the fineſt mad diu
Broome) that euer gouern'd F
me greeuouſly, in the ſhape o
of Man (Maſter *Broome*)
Weauers beame, becauſe *I* kn
am in haſt, go along with
Broome:) ſince *I* pluckt Geeſ
Top, *I* knew not what 'twas t
me, ile tell you ſtrange things
to night *I* will be reuenged, a
your hand. Follow, ſtrange thi
follow.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG